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## The Cotton Conference.

### Middle Man to be Eliminated --Spinners Anxious to Buy Direct from Planters.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 8.—That the time is not far distant when the cotton planters of the South will sell their product direct to the spinners of Europe and America instead of through the middle man, in bales gin-compressed at the plantation with methods in which loss has been reduced to a minimum, was indicated by today's discussion before the international conference of cotton growers and spinners.

More than 500 delegates were present, nearly a hundred of these representing the great mills of Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, with an aggregate wealth in farm lands, cotton crop and mills of nearly \$4,000,000,000.

Spinners representing hundreds of mills and millions of spindles told the planters that they were not only willing but anxious to buy their cotton direct from the planter, just as soon as the planter can deliver direct. Big planters and representatives of the Farmers' Union told the spinners of Europe that already they were organized, had built a chain of cotton warehouses, had perfected a business system by which the spinners could purchase an almost unlimited supply of graded cotton, and were ready to eliminate the antiquated method of selling through a middle man.

"But," said Herr Arthur Kuffler, of Vienna, if you planters wish to trade direct with us, you must give us better service than the merchant."

Action furthering this condition took concrete form in the unanimous adoption by the conference of a resolution presented by the committee on trade relations between growers and spinners. This resolution declared that much of the present difficulty in handling cotton could be eliminated if the growers would adopt what is known as the warehouse system and establish selling agents in Europe and America.

### Further Proceedings of Cotton Conference--Permanent Organization to be Effected.

Atlanta, Oct. 9.—When the plan adopted by the International conference of cotton growers and spinners goes into effect the cotton industry of the world from the time of planting seed to the time the mills turn out their goods will be under one great organization of planters and spinners.

The international conference this afternoon decided to make the organization permanent and in doing this will invite the Continental Spinners association of

Europe and Sea Island Cotton Growers' association of the United States to become affiliated with their association. The plan adopted is subject to the action of the bodies now forming the international conference.

The conference at its session today took an action that it is believed will soon result in vast improvement in the methods of putting raw cotton into shape for handling by spring with a consequent saving to them of fully \$25,000,000 a year which is now lost by reason of slipshod methods of baling.

A sharp fight was made over Congressman Heflin's resolution calling on the United States government and British parliament to regulate cotton speculation, but the matter was finally referred to different bodies for independent action. The Farmers' Union and Southern cotton association later took favorable action on this resolution.

Government crop reports also came in for a share of criticism, but here, too, the conference refused to unite in putting the great organization behind the movement favoring the discontinuance of government reports.

The international conference adjourned late this afternoon. The first meeting of the new world-wide organization may possibly be held in Paris next year.

## News in Brief.

William Jennings Bryan will speak in Spartanburg next Friday night. . . . A colored woman dropped dead in Winston-Salem Wednesday at the sight of a telegram handed her. . . . Edmund L. Patton, formerly president of Erskine College, died in Washington Tuesday night. He was at one time a professor in the South Carolina University. . . . Leroy Davidson, a well-known citizen of Charlotte, is charged with running a blind tiger. . . . The famous Cassie Chadwick died in prison Thursday. She was baptized in bed Tuesday. . . . Leila Jordan, six years old, dropped dead in Salisbury, N. C., Thursday while returning home from school. . . . A 2-year-old child fell into a bucket of water in Greensboro, N. C., Thursday and was drowned. . . . Three men were killed and several injured in Ohio yesterday by the falling of a derrick where a railroad bridge is being erected. . . . Ex President Grover Cleveland is reported to be a very sick man. . . . The body of Miss Jennie L. Stevens, formerly organist in the Wesley Methodist church of Chicago, was found Thursday floating in the Chicago river. There were indications of murder. . . . A difficulty occurred Wednesday at Ward's Gap, Va., between Orville McMillan and Sydney Tow, brothers-in-law, in which both men were shot, probably fatally.

## Before and After.

### How "Swigs" of Corn Liquor Made the Sorry Crops of Two Tar Heels Look.

"J. H. M." in the Charlotte Observer: One morning between daybreak and sunrise, in the Cape Fear section of North Carolina, Billy Sears, a one-horse farmer, stepped out of the door of his house clad in a striped calico shirt and home-spun trousers, held up by one gallus suspender, bare-footed, and went pattering about the yard, looking after this and that. It was a warm, "mushy" morning in late summer with a thick clammy mist falling, through which the smoke slowly curled its way from the kitchen chimney, where Bill's wife was baking soda biscuits, and frying white meat. It was a "soft" morning as Meg Dods, in Scott's "Saint Ronan's Well," described it to the Indian nabob in the office of Squire Bindloose.

As Bill Sears stood meditatively scratching with his big toe the side of a razor-back hog, lying against the pig pen, he saw a man trudging up the road carrying a long string back valise, that sort of a grip-sack that has a mouth like a alligator's, can hold a barn-full, and never has anything in it. As the man got nearer, Bill recognized Tom Graves, another farmer of about his height, living two or three miles down the road, and hailing him:

"Hello, Tom. Whar you off to this arly in the day?"

"Off for Texas, Bill," said the newcomer, as he slowed up to the little gate, and rested the valise on the top rail of the fence.

"To Texas! the land sakes!"

"Yes; I'll starve to death here. A fellow ain't got no show. My crop won't pan out enough to run a seed tick through the winter."

"You're more'n half right, Tom. Darn me if I ain't good der mind to go with you. My corn's not knee-high to a duck, and, blame my hide, if it didn't begin a-tasseling before it got well out of the ground. Whar about in Texas you aim to pull up, Tom? Along about El Paso?"

"Wouldn't be surprised if I land about thar, Bill."

"Well, I've got a brother living around there. They say he's doing well, and's got money. I wish if you see him you'd tell him I say for the Lord's sake to send me a little help to keep from petering plumb out. But, Tom, I've got a jug of good liquor under the bed. Let's go in, and drink to your trip."

Seated on the side of the bed, each tipped the jug up, and took a long, long pull.

"So you're g-g-going to Texas?" continued Bill, coughing

and his eyes red with the strength of the drink.

"Yes; I think I'd better go. But I tell you, Bill, there's come out in my crop yet."

"So there is mine. As I said, my corn's sorter small, but, Lord, with good seasons it'll head, and make hefty corn. I wonder jist wharabouts that brother of mine is. If I knew I'd write to him; perhaps he's a suffering right now, and I'd give him a lift. Let's take another drink."

"Lord, Tom," said Sears, smacking his lips after his dram, and lying back luxuriously on the bed, "you'd have no call to put off to Texas, if you was fixed like me. I jist don't believe that when I dig my potatoes they kin naturally lay on the ground. They'll spill over the top rail of the fence."

"I'm fixed jist as good as you ever dared to be, Bill. You jist order see my chufas. Hang me if I don't believe there's a bushel to the hill."

"Let's have another," said Bill, straightening up, and reaching for the jug. The pessimistic drawl, the calamity whine, were gone, and their voices rang with a don't-care exultant optimism. While the ruddy glow of the corn whiskey had knocked the tallow out of their lantern-jaws.

When you git to Texas," began Bill, putting the jug slowly down—

"Damn Texas!" broke in Tom.

"What's a man like me want with Texas? Why, I kin lay in bed, and hear my corn fairly cracking; and the pea vines is jist reaching out for somethin' solid to hold onto as they grow."

"Well, Tom, you know we was a-talkin' about Texas; and I was jist going to say when you git to Texas, if you see my brother, tell him to go to Jericho, poor devil. If he needs anything, tell him to draw on me for the whole amount, and if he needs it bad, and needs it quick, let him wire, and I'll telegraph it to him, be God! Let's take another."

### Father Wants to Exhibit Deformed Child for Money.

Columbia, Oct. 9.—Z. W. Walker, a Kershaw county farmer living near Camden, is here trying to make arrangements to exhibit during fair week a queer human freak of nature, the subject being his own 16-year-old daughter.

"She is 16 years old, well developed, well formed, of good sight and good hearing, but she has never suckled, never talked, never walked, never sat alone and never chewed a mouthful of food. Raised her on liquids," said he, speiling off her accomplishments and wonders. Mr. Walker says he has spent all his possessions raising the child and is now trying to make a living by exhibiting her.

Do you take The News?

### Need of Winter Work on Farms.

Southern Cultivator.

One of the greatest needs on the average Southern farm nowadays is more work in winter. Ever since I could remember it has seemed to me that life on the common Georgia farm is too much of a happy-go-lucky style. To get results in anything one has to keep everlastingly at it, so to speak. For years I have heard staid old farmers discussing fall plowing and spring plowing, but I have seen too little of it in actual observation.

There used to be an idea, which is still prevalent, concerning results from fall and winter plowing. Some argued it was injurious to plow deep in the fall, others that it was absurd to plow in the springtime to any great depth. The truth of the matter is that good plowing at any time when the soil is in good condition is a good thing to do. Usually in the spring the subsoil is too wet to plow and when it is turned up, or broken in this condition, damaging results are likely to occur.

The fall presents the most acceptable time for plowing, for generally the soil is in excellent shape. In addition to this the benefits accruing through the retention of winter rains in the soil is something that can not be overestimated. However, another of the chief benefits lies in the fact that through deep plowing in the fall the soil is prevented from washing and the land preserved in splendid shape.

Another consideration comes from the fact that if plowing is done in the fall and winter when there is not a rush of work it will lessen the amount of work necessary during the summer season when everything seems to need attention at once. Farmers who have not tried this plan will find that it will pay handsomely on investments placed in the soil.

J. C. McAuliffe.

### Opening of Colored Graded School.

Mr. Editor: This school opened on the 7th with an increased enrollment over last year. Prospects are bright for a successful session. Each teacher has gotten down to work. The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. King, assisted by Revs. G. L. Black and N. N. Gregg. After reading of the scripture and prayer, some timely remarks were made by them as to the duty of parents and children to the Institution. They bade us God speed and left their prayers and good wishes for a successful session.

M. D. Lee, Prin.

—The Pleasant Grove Baptist church, colored, had a "rally" last Sunday to raise money for the pastor's salary. The sum of \$60.61 was realized. One member, George Reed, gave \$5.